

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday March 31, to Saturday April 7. 1705.

A Riddle.

Sweet Heart, I only beg a Boon,
Which being got, it shall as soon
Returned be, with Interest:
Deny me not this small Request;
Give all you can, you ne'er will have
Less than you had before you gave:
'Tis not Immodest, nor Profane,
If you are now, you'll still remain
A Virgin, as before the Bliss:
Grant it, or tell me what it is.

Answered.

If you are civil, Sir, I shall
Grant your Request, it being small:
But don't presume more than the Bliss,
And you may give or take a Kiss.

To a Plagiary of Hudibras. By Mr. W.
W. of Oxon.

DULL Animal! can't thou not write,
Except first Hudibras indite?
Sure he whose Verses cannot pass,
Without a borrowed Hudibras,
May in some Sense be said ally'd,
To the Horse which Hudibras did ride:
For as the Spur which he had got,
Did move that Beast to active Trot;
So unless spurr'd by Hudibras,
Our Poetaster hangs an A---se.

A Squirrel come from the Country to
Cloe.

I Who before could skip from Tree to Tree,
Fed on the Sweets of Nuts and Liberty,
Now think my past Delights, my greatest Care,
Since Cloe, lovely Cloe, is not there.
Not all the Riches of the Spring can please; }
My mossy Bed, though soft, affords no Ease, }
Nor Philomela's sweet engaging Lays: }
Each Bark is made Partaker of my Flame, }
Where I have Scratch'd, I could not 'Grave the }
Name; }
They for your Absence, weep a trickling Stream: }
Thus in my Chains, sent by great Love's Command, }
I gladly Leap upon, and Kill your Hand. }
Here I regain my lost Variety,
And here to be a Slave, is Liberty!
Here let us Play, I'll never wish to Rove,
For I can live on Bisket, ~~at~~ your Love;

And when hard Fate me from this Throne shall tear,
If you can sigh and say, Alas! my Dear;
Then too must I lament, and let you know,
Tis not to part with Life, I grieve, but you.

A Health to the Tackers, or the Coventry
Ballad.

HERE's a Health to the Tackers, my Boys,
But my A--- for the Tackers about;
May the brave English Spirits come in,
And the Knaves and Fanatics turn out:
Since the Magpies of late are confounding the State,
And would put our Establishment down; (Next,
Let us make them a Jest, for they Sh---t in their
And be true to the Church and the Crown.

I.
Let us choose such Parliament Men
As have stuck to their Principles tight,
And would not their County betray,
In the Story of Ashby and White,
Who care not a T---d for a Whig or a L---d,
That won't see our Accounts fairly stated,
For C----ll ne'er fears the Addres of those Peers,
Who the Nation of Millions have cheated.

II.
The next thing adviseable is,
Since Schism so strangely abounds,
To oppose e'ry Man that's set up
By Dissenters in Corporate Towns:
For High Church and Low Church, have brought
us to no Church,
And Conscience so bubl'd the Nation,
That who is not still for Conformity's Bill,
Will be surely a R---- on Occasion.

Upon the new Farce, call'd, *The Quacks*,
being forbid to be Acted on Thursday
the 22d of March:

If any Man ask the Reason,
What was the great Treason
The House forbid was to Play;
Take this for an Answer,
'Twas nought of France, Sir,
But only 'cause K---t had said, Nay.

It seems that the Players
Deliver'd their Prayers,
To Act this Play for Ben. Johnson;
But that wou'd not do,
He still reply'd, Phoo,
It reflects upon J---- T----n.

On

On a disagreeable Beau.

Call, like Smoak, still to the Fairest flies,
Like Smoak, perfues, like Smoak, offends
their Eyes.

On Maria's Masque.

How bles'd, how more than bles'd were I,
Could I the Masque's dear place supply?
That does my Hate and Pity move,
Whilst favour'd by the Nymph I love;
That often with a strict Embrace,
Reveals on fair Maria's Face,
Where underneath its Velvet Shade,
A thousand sporting Loves are laid:
On those diffusive Sweets, regales,
Which her ambrosial Breath exhales:
More precious Juice than Nectar, sips
From the soft Coral of her Lips.
But ah! poor Masque, thou canst not tell,
What Blessings underneath thee, dwell:
Blessings! which I oft wish'd to gain:
Blessings! which I oft wish'd in vain.
Most of the Sex use thee to skreen;
Faces not worthy to be seen,
Are much beholding to thy Charms,
For bringing Lovers to their Arms:
But when the fancy'd Fair throws by
The Case of her Deformity,
Her Age and Ugliness, deter
The prying Youths from dwelling there,
Thus hungry Fishes tempt their Fate,
Whilst they see nothing but the Bait:
But if the Hook it self display,
They spy the Cheat, and scud away.
It is not from the curs'd Access
Of Age or native Ugliness,
That kind Maria veils her Face,
And courts with Joy the Masque's Embrace:
For Oh! she's in her youthful May,
Sweet as blown Roses, and as gay;
Fair as the Cyprian Deity,
Yet far more good, more chaste than she.
Did soft Compassion ne'er invite
The Nymph to hide her Face in Night,
Bles'd with so many Charms combin'd,
She'd fatal prove to all Mankind;
And like Medusa, turn to Stone,
At ev'ry Glance, the Lookers on;
Or shine with such Excess of Light,
As would deprive 'em of their Sight:
So Cynthia condescends to shroud
Her Beauties in a Sable Cloud;
Lest, being too exquisitely Bright,
She should rob dazled Man of Sight,
And doom him to eternal Night.

On Parting.

Great are the wretched Lovers Pains,
When forc'd from Celia's Arms away,
Cursing th' unlucky Star that Reigns,
He sighs, looks back, and fain would stay.

For 'tis the Fate of Human-kind,
That what they soon shall loose, they prize;
But what they think their own, we find
They're quickly cloy'd with, and despise.

So that if I should ever see
A fair One, that had won my Heart,
Still parting I would ever be;
But I would never, never part.

The Beau's Ballad. Occasion'd by the
Sight of a White Marble Side-Table.

I.

A Pox on the Fool,
Who could be so dull
To contrive such a Table for Glasses,
Which at the first Sight,
The Guests must affright,
More by half than their Liquor rejoices.

II.

'Tis so like a Tomb,
That whoever does come,
Can't look on't without thus reflecting;
Heaven knows how soon
We must lie under One;
And such Thought must needs be perplexing.

III.

Then away with that Stone,
Break it! throw it down!
To some Church or other, else fling't in.
'Tis fitter by far
To have a Place there,
Than stand here to spoil Mirth and good Drinking.

IV.

There Death let it show
To those who will go,
And Monuments there gaze and stare at;
We come here to live,
And sad Thoughts away drive,
With good Store of immortal Claret.

V.

Tho' the Glasses stand there,
They shan't do so here;
'Tis the only kind Lesson that teaches,
Whilst it seems to say,
Life's short, Drink away;
No Time o'er your Liquor to Preach is.

VI.

Then fill up the Glass,
About let it pass,
Tho' the Marble of Death does re-mind us;
The Wine shall ne'er die,
Tho' you must, and I,
We'll not leave a Drop of t' behind us.

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